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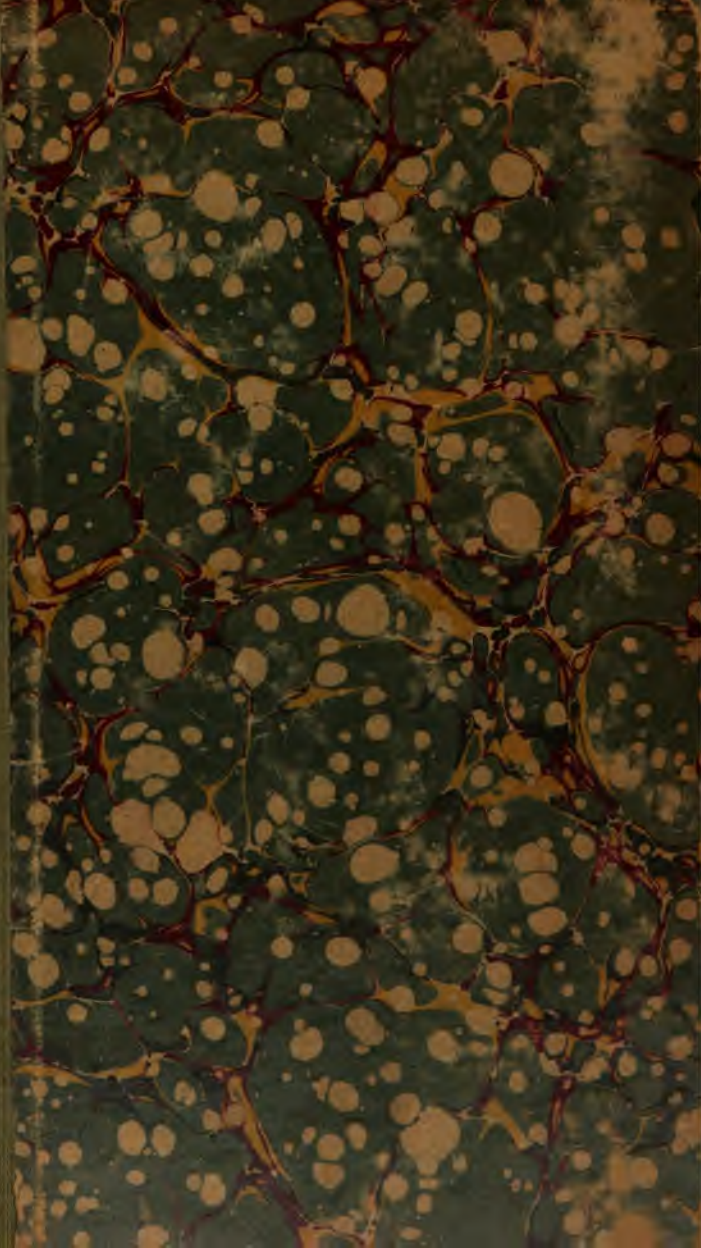
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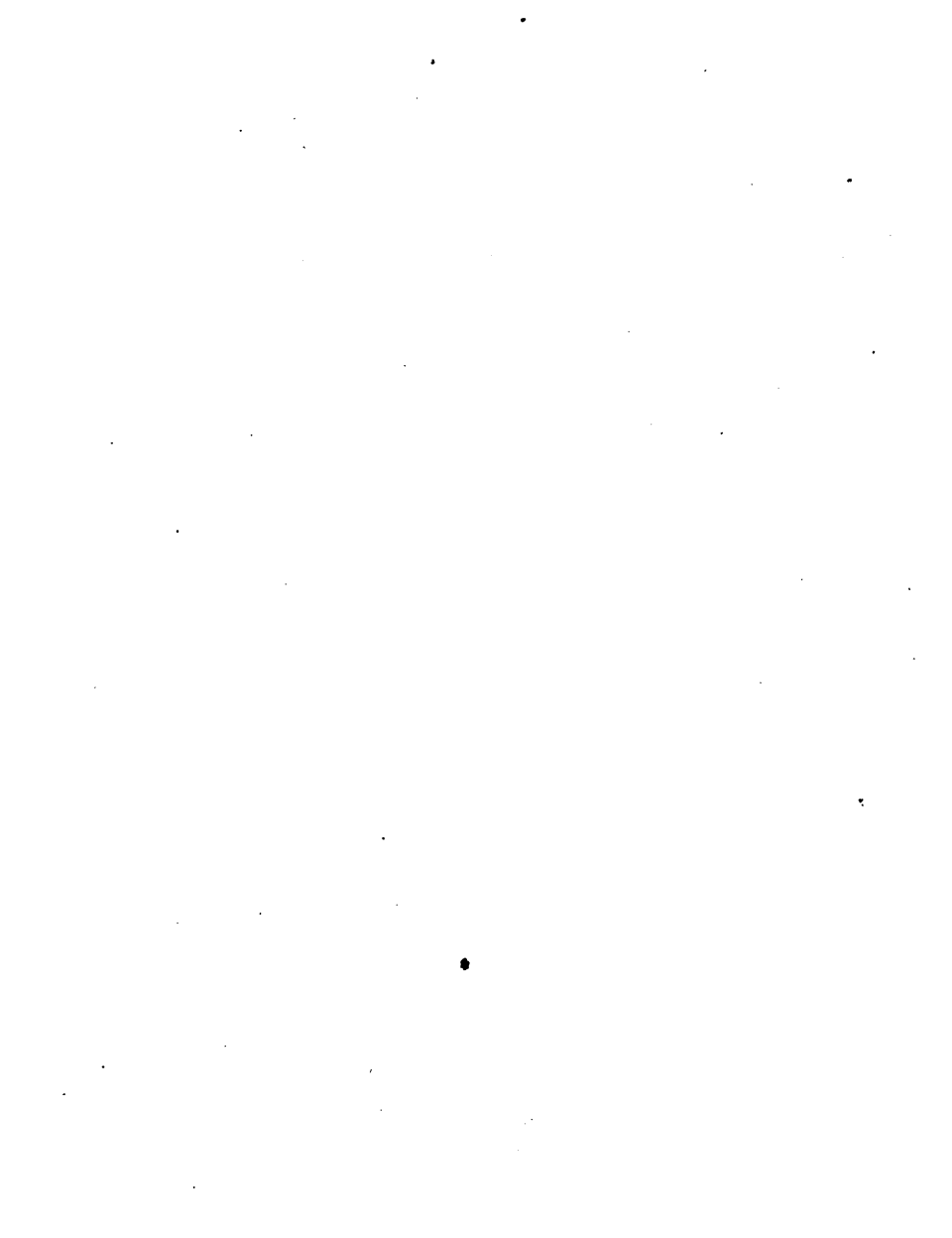


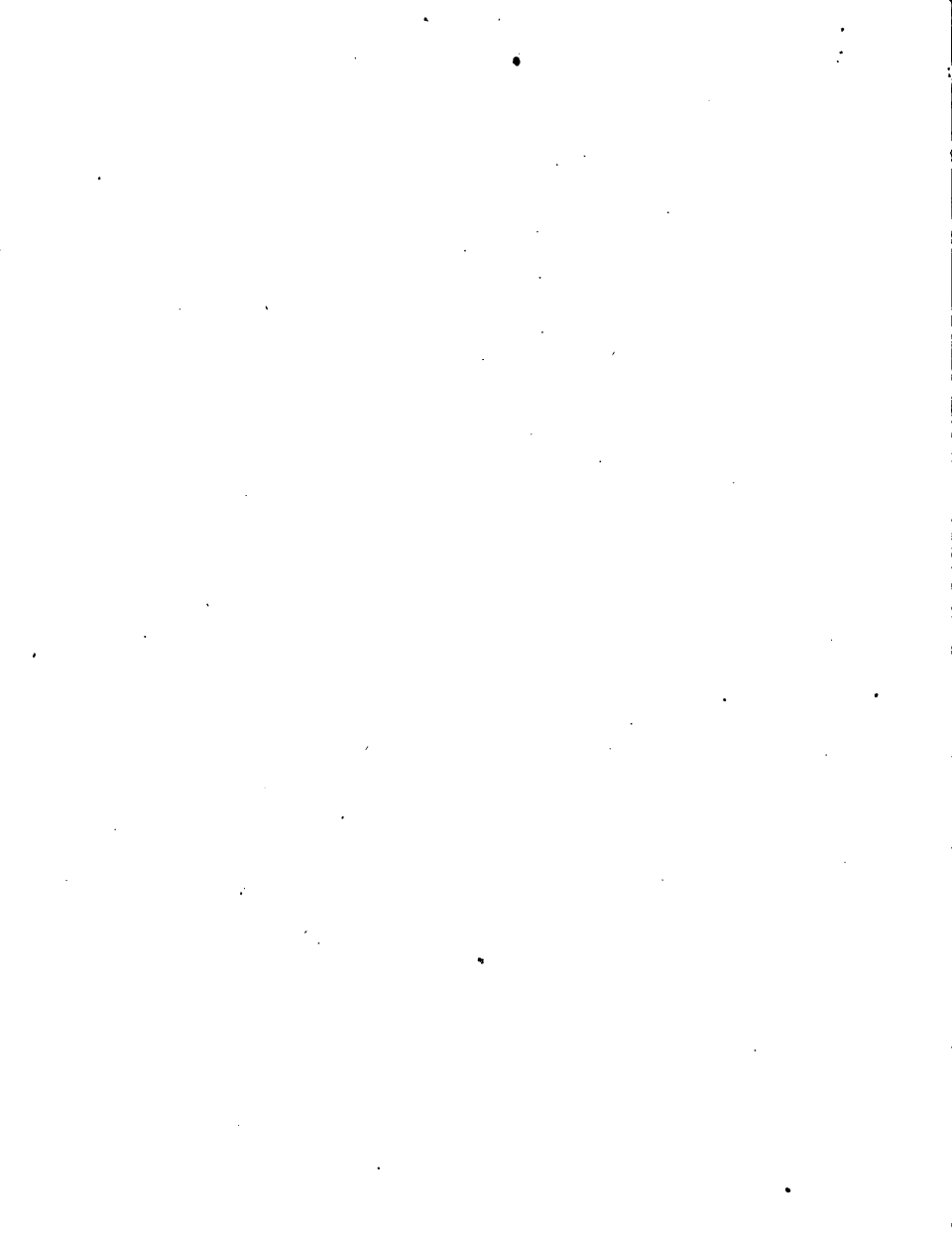
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FROM

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MUSI





cover

Mus 545.6

**Songs and Lyrics**  
from  
**The Swedish**

**Oscar William Peterson**  
**Translator**









# Songs <sup>a</sup>n<sup>d</sup> Lyrics

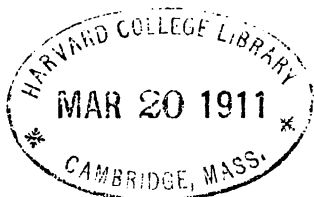
from

## The Swedish

Oscar William Peterson  
Translator

Published by the Translator  
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*By*

*Oscar William Peterson*

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*The Webb-Smith Printing Co.,  
Cornish, Maine*

TO

**ALMA STUBBS PETERSON**

Thou wondrous promise of a life yet veiled  
Within the future's slowly opening gates,  
Thy laughter rings with hope! Thy little heart  
Pumps the fused blood of Saxon and of Goth  
And through thy veins pours the united gifts  
Of two strong races that in deed and song  
Have wrought for thee a mighty heritage!

This slender sheaf of song is like thy life,  
A hope—a promise that thy heritage  
Of glorious Gothic song shall also fuse  
With thy great Saxon heritage of song.

Grow, O my child, to perfect womanhood!  
Sing, O my soul, and make the promise good!

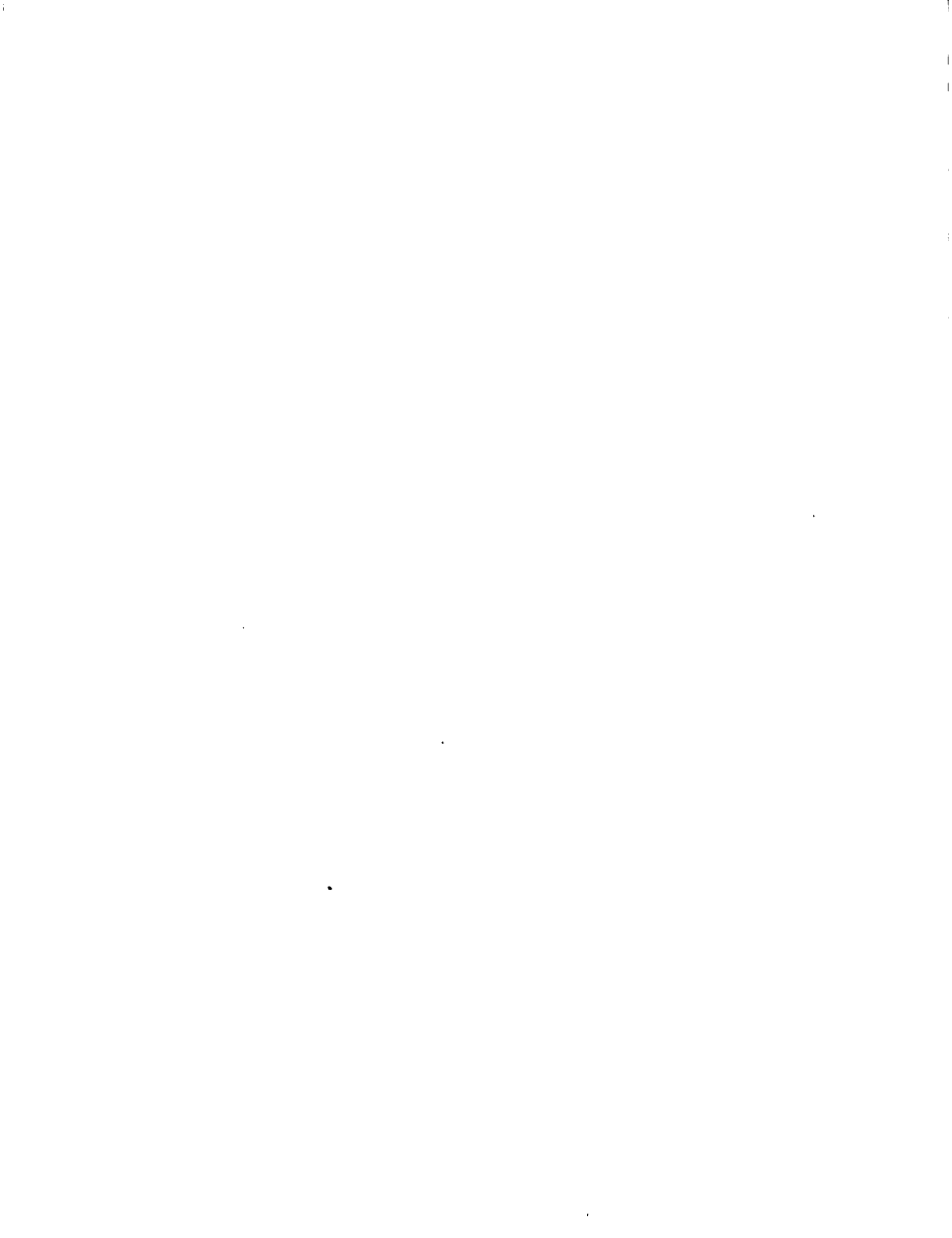


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## **Foreword**

**This little volume is not an anthology. It is a trial voice seeking to pitch the Northern music in the English tongue. The selection is largely fortuitous, yet each poem is typical of some marked tendency of Swedish lyric poetry, and the collection is sent forth as a cry from a world of beauty hitherto unknown to the American people. The little book would also voice the hope and the promise that the full chorus of Swedish bards will ultimately break forth in English song.**





## **Hymn to the Fatherland**

**Thou old home of freedom, thou mountain-capped North,  
Thou silent, yet glad in light and shadows,  
I hail thee, thou fairest of lands on the earth,  
Thy sun, thy sky, thy fields, thy verdant meadows!**

**Thou gloriest in memories of great days of yore,  
When honored thy name flew o'er the Southland.  
Thou art what thou wert and wilt be evermore,—  
I will live and I will die in the Northland!**



## Hymn to the King

From depths of Swedish hearts a song,  
In simple faith united, strong,  
Unto the King goes forth!  
Be true to him and to his right,  
The crown upon his brow make light,  
And stay him with thy loyal might,  
Thou land of ancient worth!

O King! the people's majesty  
Is also thine; its guardian be,  
And save it from decay!  
If we the whole world's hosts must meet,  
Their threats unflinchingly we greet,  
And will them all before thy feet,  
A royal footstool, lay!

But, if our fall must come one day,  
The purple from thy shoulders lay,  
Lift off thy heavy crown;  
Put on our colors loved and true,  
Our ancient yellow and our blue,  
Take sword in hand and lead us to  
The field where we go down.

Then grasp our last torn standard thou,  
And boldly, with unclouded brow  
Still lead in death thy men!  
Thy people who with thee have stood  
Shall weave for thee of their best blood  
A royal purple warm and good  
And shroud thee in it then.

And Thou, O Lord of Heaven, stay  
With us as in our fathers' day,  
And quicken through our land  
Our ancient mettle once again  
In Svea's King and in his men,  
And let thy Spirit still remain  
Above our Northern strand!



## Our Land

Our land, our land, our father-land,  
Ring, word of precious worth!  
No mountain on the earth doth stand,  
No valley winds, nor curves a strand,  
More loved than this our land in north,  
Than this our fathers' earth.

Our land, to him who looks for gold,  
Is poor and poor shall be.  
The strangers pass it proud and cold,  
But we in deepest love it hold,  
For us, with mountain, moor and sea,  
A gold-land still 'twill be.

We love the torrent foaming white,  
The stillness of the fjord,  
The star-hosts of our winter night,  
Our somber woods, our summer light,  
All, all, whatever seen or heard,  
Our hearts and minds have stirred.

\* \* \* \* \*

O land of thousand lakes, O land  
Of song and loyalty,  
Where life's sea gave us our own strand,  
Our fathers' land, our children's land,  
Exulting in thy poverty  
Be glad, be strong, be free!

Thy bloom, yet closed in bud, shall ope,  
Shall burst oppression's band.  
Lo, from our hearts' love shall spring up  
Thy light, thy fame, thy joy, thy hope,  
And higher swell upon thy strand  
Our song of father-land!



## **The Björneborg March**

**Sons of fathers who have bled  
On Narva's heath, on Poland's sands, on Lytzen's hills and  
Leipzig's meadows,  
Yet is Finland's might not dead,  
Yet can with foeman's blood a field be dyed in red!  
Cast off quiet, ease and rest,  
The storm is loose, the lightnings flash, the cannon's thunder's  
hoarsely roaring!  
Forward! forward! breast by breast!  
The brave souls of your sires urge you to your best!  
Noblest of aims  
Beckons with our banner:  
Sharp is our steel,—  
To bleed is our manner.  
All, all, bravely forward march!  
This is our century-old freedom's glory march!  
Shine high, thou vict'ry-blessed standard,  
Tattered in conflicts since the hoary ages gone!  
On! on! our noble ragtorn standard, on!  
To our free winds our ancient colors yet are thrown!**

**Never shall our fathers' strand  
Be spoiled by the oppressor's sword till our last troop in death  
lies bleeding!  
Never while the heavens stand  
Shall Finland's sons betray their northern free homeland!  
Falter can the brave man not,  
Nor turn the back at danger's threat, nor yield, nor bend  
before the tyrant:**

Nay, death, glorious warrior-lot,  
Be ours when for but one more vict'ry we have fought!  
Weapons in hand,  
Like Finns since ages hoary,  
Dying for our land,  
We live for her glory.  
Forward, glad into the fray:  
This is our country's fateful hour, her harvest-day!  
Thinned ranks bear faithful witness  
Of heroes' deeds of valor for their country done.  
On! on! our fair, defiant standard, on!  
Around thee yet thy death-true Finnish guard is drawn!



## **The Northland**

**HE.**

I know a land where through the starry evening  
The deep dark heaven flames with northern light;  
Where under cloudgray helmets stand the mountains  
Guarding the vales in icy-armored height;  
Where many a torrent wild leaps through the forest,  
Spreading its echo through the silent night;  
Where harps the water-spirit in the spray,  
While silvered moonbeams on the waters play.

**SHE.**

I know a night as light and warm as day is,  
For the flower's slumber e'en it has a sun;  
Where smiling in their youthful sister-likeness  
Evening and morning mingle into one;  
Where sings the thrush his song of lonely pathos,  
And all the land with fragrance is o'errun;  
Where ilthesome fairies dance about in ring,  
While o'er the hillocks gleams the silver-wing.

**HE.**

I know a land where deep the mossgrown forest  
Its shadow casts above the rockbound way.  
I know a lake, where darkly looms the shoreline  
'Round the blue deep a wall of green and gray.  
There stood a fir its stately branches tossing  
As near its roots the troubled wavelets lay.  
There stood our father's cottage on the strand;  
And peaceful was this corner of the land.



**SHE.**

I know the many islets and the valieys,  
Where flowers and songbirds scattered joys untold.  
Oh, stands it yet the same, the dear gray alder?  
And stands the cottage there like as of old,  
Where many a time I stood and through the window  
Watched the sun sinking in a sea of gold?  
Come brother, come, reach me thy trusty hand:  
We will return to our fair northern land.



## **Psalm**

Lord of glory, we adore Thee,  
Children of dust we bow before Thee,  
Thy praises from our hearts arise.  
Endless are Thy name and glory,  
The heavens and earth proclaim their story,  
Thy works all bring Thee sacrifice.  
Thee praise the Seraphim,  
Thee sing the Cherubim;  
"Hallelujah!  
Holy is God,  
The whole world's God,  
All-strong, all-wise, all-loving God!"

Hear Thy praise from thousand voices,  
The whole creation loud rejoices,  
Hymning Thy praise at every hour.  
Day and night to each are telling,  
The stormwind's roar, the ocean's swelling,  
Proclaim Thy majesty and power.  
The sparrow in his flight,  
The lily robed in light,  
Father call Thee.  
Thou feedest all,  
Thou clothest all,  
Thou watchest over great and small.

Choirs of faithful voices ringing,  
Thy holy church her praises bringing,  
Sing "Holy, holy, holy Lord!"  
Hear us, Thou our souls' defender,  
Help us our faithful service render,  
To walk before Thee in Thy word.  
Kindle in us Thy love;  
Thy wisdom from above  
Send to lead us,  
That ever here  
It be us near  
To teach our souls Thy name to fear.

Bless us, Lord, and shield from dangers,  
And grant us, pilgrims here and strangers,  
The benediction of Thy face.  
Help us ever to confess Thee,  
And lead us till in heaven we bless Thee,  
And sing the wonders of Thy grace,  
Sing with Thy Seraphim,  
And with Thy Cherubim,  
"Hallelujah!  
Holy is God,  
The whole world's God,  
All-strong, all-wise, all-loving God!"



## **Welcome and Farewell**

Do not bid me "Welcome" at my coming,  
Nor "Farewell," thou dearest, when I go,  
For I do not come when I am coming,  
Nor do I go from thee when I go.

It is only folly, dear, to think so;  
But my parting shadow dost thou see  
When my duty calls me from thy bosom:  
I myself can not depart from thee.

Ah, my heart! however I may chide it,  
Still my thoughts I cannot take away;  
They will tarry with thee till the morrow,  
They have been with thee since yesterday.

Say not therefore, "Welcome," at my coming,  
Nor, "Farewell," thou dearest, when I go;  
For I do not come when I am coming,  
Nor do I go from thee when I go.



## **The Migrating Birds**

Lo, the migrating birds!  
To an unknown land  
With sighs they depart  
From Svithiod's strand.  
They mix with the winds  
Their questioning song,  
"Whither leads our course  
'Neath Thy mandate strong?"  
Thus cries unto God the feathered throng.

"We leave with misgivings  
Our Scandia fair;  
We lived so securely,  
So happily there.  
In blossoming lindens  
We sang o'er the nest,  
And balmladen breezes  
There rocked us to rest—  
Now forth unto regions unknown leads our quest.

"With locks of gold  
'Neath her rosyhued hat,  
The midsummer-night  
In the forest sat.  
We could not sleep—  
So fair was the night—  
We drowsed but a moment  
From sheer delight,  
Till morning recalled with its undimmed light.

**"Soft arched o'er the hillocks  
Their branches the trees;  
And dew-drenched swung trembling  
The rose in the breeze.  
Now bare are those branches,  
The rose, it has fled,  
The breezes have died,  
And the storms roar instead;  
The May-field of blossoms in white frost lies dead.**

**"Why tarry we longer?  
The long winternight  
Imprisons the summer,  
The sun hides his light.  
What boots it to murmur?  
We leave but a grave.  
To cleave the far heavens  
Our wings God gave.  
Then hail, O ye seas, that the distant shores lave!"**

**Thus chanting, the frail birds  
Glad hasten their flight.  
Soon greets them the South-land  
In summer's delight,  
Where tremble the vines  
In the spiceladen breeze,  
Where babble the brooks  
Under myrtle trees,  
And green groves stand vibrant in hope and ease.**

When over thy earth-life  
The blighting frosts creep,  
When chill blows the fall-wind,  
My soul, do not weep!  
There smiles past the seas  
Towards the song-birds a strand:  
On yon side the grave  
There is also a land,  
Where unshut the gates of life's morning stand.

## Angelica's Grave

Murmur your dirges, dirges of grief, ye trembling aspens!  
Bend all thy branches, O elm, here is Angelica's grave!  
Weeps not bereavement's thrush, O murmuring pine, in thy  
branches?

Sheds not the night her tears, beauteous grave, on thy turf?  
Here will I linger, Angelica, here alone in Death's shadow,  
Together with thee turn o'er memories faded leaves.

Thee I see on each leaf, each leaf, O heavenly maiden,

Holdeth thy image impressed, dissolved in a shadow at last.  
Innocence's form and angel-beauty, so fair in thy blooming,

Fair in thy passing away, fair in thy life, in thy death;  
Angel, thy presence hovered, it walked not upon this planet;

Oh, for it bore not here the weight of the cares of this earth.  
Therefore the life of heaven half thou livedst amongst us,

Oft thou liftedst thy wing ere thou didst vanish in heaven.  
Not on thy path a footprint, not on a worm hast thou trodden,  
Never a blade hast crushed, never a mote hast touched.

Soft as the light thou passedst, warm as a ray from heaven,  
Melted like fire of love into the mortal man's soul.

Light as the falling snow in the ether lingered thy presence,  
The lightest breeze of air raised thee up from the earth.

Still understood no soul the sorrows of earth any better,  
Never with sweeter hope throbbed a bosom than thine.  
Love did beat in thy pulse, thy spirit nourished on kindness,  
Prayer's immortal rose blossomed so sweet on thy lips.—



And still she resteth now, O Eternal, resteth hereunder!  
The narrow chamber of earth holdeth Thy lovellest work,  
Holdeth that beautiful form, which days to kiss have been  
vying,

The awful darkness of night trembled to breathe upon!  
But oh! Death did not fear, he saw in the dale my lily,  
Spilled one drop of blood soft on her glistening blade:  
Radiant roses burned aye since on the cheeks of my loved one,  
Glowing so tenderly sweet, God, of the fairest of blood.  
Emptied soon was her spring, then pale once more was my lily,  
Folded her withering cup, bowed low her chalice and died:  
Died as music dies on the waves, as the breeze in the forest,  
Died as the twilight glow fades on the temple spire.—

Hush, my murmuring song, hush, hush, she slumbers hereunder!  
Hush, thou rustling aspen! Sweet is my loved one's sleep.  
O sweet eternal dream, in the sepulcher's holiest silence,  
Open, oh open thy gates soon for my spirit also!



## **Foreground and Background**

**The foreground crowded with rubbish high.—  
It frightens me not! Despise it?—Not I!  
But farthest back in the picture shall shine  
Of unknown uplands an azure line.**

**And all through our noise about nothingness,  
And all through the changes of ease and stress,  
I will there shall come an occasional chime,  
A belltone of peace in a better clime.**



## Unseen Threads

Thou know'st a thousand threads are stretching  
The meadows o'er 'twixt straw and straw,  
Yet all day long their finespun linkings  
From thee but scanty notice draw.

Let night but drop her chilly vapors,  
Let but the dew her tears outpour,  
A thousand pearlstrings quickly glitter  
Were nothing could be seen before.

In happy hours thou hast forgotten  
That things and hearts are linked so:—  
Comes sorrow, bitter teardrops glisten—  
Clearly the unseen heart-threads show.



## **Black Swans**

**Black swans gliding slowly seaward,  
Silent like a funeral train,  
Searching for the set sun's shimmer  
On the night-enshrouded main.**

**Dark and, as if charred in fire,  
Deep their gorgeous feathers glow.  
Dumb, their bills in bloodlike purple  
Tokens of the burning show.**

**White swans tamely in the rushes  
Cruise for bread in ease and light.  
Out upon the deep, ye black swans!  
Out, ye birds of glow and night!**



## **The Only Faithful**

If loss and sorrow can the harvest ripen,  
My years stand ready for the reaper's hand.  
Thou one beloved and thou only faithful,  
Who sole my longing's thirst can understand,  
Come, pallid queen, named Death, come, grant me rest,  
And let thy poppies wither on my breast.

Come, fold thy thin arms 'round my aching body,  
And suck with nightcold lip my closing breath,  
Embrace me, as the winter's leafless ivy  
The tree she covered once entwines in death,  
And cool with thy long, dark, dewdampened hair  
My unrest's burning wounds and my despair.

Hear, void, like distant sleighbells, sound life's voices,  
And silence lurks for me like beasts of prey.  
Thou life's red sun, which by thy eastern rising  
Awakes the needs and longings of the day,  
I wait for night, can e'en now faintly tell  
The chiming of the rest-hour's vesperbell!

Like muddy waters, all looks disappoint me,  
And every laughter, like false coins, drops dead;  
My heart life's weary cradlesong is ticking,  
As ticks the clock beside the sick one's bed;  
As deathmarked children towards their playthings smile,  
I yet see life, but grasp it not the while.

Then come, thou stately one, thou unforgotten  
In friendship's glee, by the beloved's side,  
Whom I have loved with fierce and gentle passion  
Since first I learned what life, what pain betide,  
And dragged my chain 'mid the world's endless hum,—  
Thou only faithful and beloved, come!



## **The Water-Elf to the Bathing Girl**

**Fairest child who sink'st thy bosom,  
Playful, shining, in my waters,  
Like the purest waterlily, glistening through my liquid veil,  
Oh, what changing lot awaits thee,  
Waits for thee, thou mankind's daughter,  
While unchanging flows my fountain murmuring in this wooded  
dale!**

**I have not as thou to look for  
Days of joy and days of sorrow;  
Ever like themselves my wavelets follow in unending tale.  
Thou wilt blossom into woman,  
Love, be loved, wilt move in passions,  
While in silence flows my fountain, gliding through this peace-  
ful vale.**

**Fairest child, thy spirit glowing,  
Sweet and fresh as is my current,  
Purest water-lily ever swathed in my liquid veil,  
But a while thou wilt be dreaming  
Dreams so wondrous fair and tender,  
While unchanging flows my fountain, murmuring in this  
wooded dale!**

**But a while thou wilt be kneeling  
Bridal-veiled beside thy lover,  
Whom thy modest "Yes" made happy, answering to his plead-  
ing tale:**

**But a while and to thy bosom  
Thou wilt press a mother's glory,  
While in silence flows my fountain, gliding through this peace-  
ful vale!**

All the darksome human riddle,—  
Hope, the glow of love, death's mystery,—  
I embrace when I enfold thy bosom in my liquid veil.  
But a few sun-circuits speeding,  
And for thee is solved the riddle,  
While unchanging flows my fountain, murmuring in this  
wooded dale.  
Ah! my flow its goal shall never  
Reach, as thou ere long thine reachest  
When transfigured by life's anguish, as thy day begins to pale,  
Thou may'st sink into death's shadows  
Soft as fades the glow of twilight,  
While in silence flows my fountain, gliding through this peace-  
ful vale!





**Cantata**  
**400th Jubilee Commencement of Upsala University, 1877**

**CHORUS.**

From night-enshrouded ages  
Toward a goal yet from thee hid,  
Humanity, thou movest  
Through centuries the desert mid!  
Thy day is but a dawning,  
A rift of pale dim light,—  
Lo, mists alone before it,  
And back of it the night!  
Around thee generations  
In anguish melt away,  
While tremblingly thou askest,  
Almighty, whither leads my way?

Al! earthly visions tell thee  
That all things here unlasting are;  
And when towards heaven thou liftest  
Thy searching eye, thou seest afar  
How suncircuits are broken  
And worlds die in their flight,  
How star-systems are darkened  
In the deep ether night.  
Thou hearest voices crying:  
All is corruption, all,  
And time and space together  
A dread unending prison hall.

\*

## **RECITATIVE.**

Yet if thou sink'st despairing 'neath the strain,  
And gloomy lingerest by thy fall discouraged,  
Thou lift'st thy standard up again  
And bear'st it through the desert fresh encouraged.  
What if thy searching eye behold  
How thousand suns are in their stations shattered,  
What if thou see'st unnumbered star-hosts scattered,  
Like golden grain before the reaper old?  
What right is thought and what in love is willed,  
What beauty dreamed, cannot by Time be plundered:  
It is a harvest from his kingdom sundered,  
With which th' eternal garner shall be filled.  
Press on, Mankind, rejoicing on thy quest!  
Thou bear'st eternity within thy breast.

\*

## **ARIA.**

Every soul that burns with longing  
For what noble is and real  
Bears within itself full knowing  
Of eternity the seal.  
If the selfish thou forgettest,  
If upon thy soul thou lettest  
God's own image be imprest,  
Then, through generations' effort,  
Shall, however wide the desert,  
Thou the Jordan reach at last.

## **CHORUS.**

If the selfish thou forgettest,  
If upon thy soul thou lettest  
God's own Image be imprest,  
Then, through generations' effort,  
Shall, however wide the desert,  
Thou the Jordan reach at last.

\*

## **THEOLOGY.**

**EXODUS 17; 1. COR. 10: 14**

Do'st thou doubt that in the distance waits for thee a promised  
land?  
Do'st thou faint from thirst and languish hopeless in the  
heated sand?  
Lo! then strikes the Moses-rod,—the waters from the rockside  
well—  
Onward, therefore through the desert, O thou Mankind's  
Israel!  
Thou hast still the rod that opens, where it strikes, the living  
flow,  
And the rock—what heavenly wonder!—follows wheresoe'er  
thou go.  
Bend thy knee beside its fountain, feel its cooling waves  
assuage  
All thy fears, drink in its strength sufficient for thy pilgrimage!

\*

## **LAW**

**EX. 10**

As before the heated wind the desert drives the dust in clouds,  
So from Horeb Israel wanders forward in disordered crowds.  
Can this host arrive at Jordan, which as yet no order knows?  
Lo! then clouded in the heavens lightning-girted Sinai glows.

Vales and mountains tremble at the voice of thunder and of law,  
And an echo answers "Amen" from the hosts struck dumb in  
awe.

Now crowds grow in order after justice is in law exprest,  
Grow into a glorious kingdom, grow into a people blest.

\*

### **MEDICINE.**

NUM. 21:3

Now united moves the people 'round the Law's high sanctuary,  
Break their way through hostile armies toward the Jordan of  
the free.

But, why faint the valiant warriors? Wherefore does the  
standard droop?

Fever serpents, stealing slyly 'mong them, devastate the troop.  
Where is succour?—Here is succour! See the token sent by  
God,

See the brazen serpent glistening, twined around the Prophet's  
rod!

And as Israel goes forward and in this their healing find,  
Forward, healthy generations, toward the goal of Humankind!

\*

### **PHILOSOPHY.**

EX. 13: 21; DEUT. 34.

Forward, wise, strong generations, toward the goal the Lord  
has fixed!

But how find the way where night and daylight in mirage are  
mixed?

Lo! a glowing fiery pillar through the darkness sends its light:  
'Tis the light of thought that leads the people groping through  
the night.

In the heat of day a pillar made of clouds the way foretells;  
It is woven of ideals; God's own spirit in it dwells.

On the poet's Nebo stands the seer, jubilant his tone:

Salem! Salem in the distance! Towards our Father's Home  
press on!

## Notes

The persistent aim of the translator has been to express the poetic spirit of the poems first of all, and, as far as possible, in the identical form of the originals. The literalness has sometimes been strained to the limits of allowance, but the purpose has been to let the Swedish poets speak their own peculiar message. The meters, with one unimportant variation, have been followed exactly and also the rhyming, save where in the interest of faithfulness and naturalness some lines have been left unrhymed. The facts and thoughts have been accurately rendered, the poetic suggestion as far as possible, but the music and the exquisite fancy have been only faintly hinted.

Page 9. "Svenska Fosterlandssången." Richard Dybeck, 1811-1877. Expresses the simple grandeur of the Swede's love for his beautiful country and his reverence for its past glory.

Page 10. "Svenska Folksången." Karl Vilhelm August Strandberg, 1818-1877. Written during the stirring times of the '40's and expresses the national trait of grandiloquence in matters of national history. The first and last verses only are used as a national song.

Page 12. "Vårt Land." Johan Ludvig Runeberg, 1804-1877. Runeberg was a Finn and writes of Finland, but Finland was one with Sweden until 1809. Its culture therefore is still largely Swedish, and its literature is a common Swedish heritage. Notice the intense love for the land and the deep spirit of the sea moving through it all. The untranslated portion pictures Finland's immeasurable suffering from poverty, war and oppression. The background is the dark, bloody hand of Russia.

Alas, Finland!

Page 14. "Björneborgsmarschen." Runeberg. Written to a wonderful martial air. Represents the last cry of despair and defiance in the hopeless struggle of 1809. Note the magnificent rhythm!

Page 16. "Norrländ." Anders Abraham Gravström, 1790-1870. A mirror of the land and people of Sweden.

Page 18. Svenska Psalmboken No. 3. Samuel Johan Hedborn. The noblest and a typical expression of the stately, general and impersonal worship of the established Lutheran Church. The nonconformist churches are intensely individual and emotional in their hymns of worship.

Page 20. "Välkommen och Farväl." Gravström. Typical of the restrained fancy of the older school.

Page 21. "Flyttfåglarne." Eric Johan Stagnelius, 1793-1823. Written by the John Keats of Sweden, a sensitive, suffering youth. Note the exquisite beauty of the land and the deep simple faith.

Page 24. "Angelikas Grav." Bernard Elis Malmström, 1816-1865. The closing portion of a longer elegy lamenting the loss of his loved one. A typical representative of the romantic poetry during the early and middle part of the nineteenth century.

Page 26. "Fond och Förgrund." Albert Teodor Gjellerstedt, 1836-. Typical of the moralizing of the older and the interpretation of the newer schools.

Page 27. "Osynliga Trådar." Gjellerstedt.

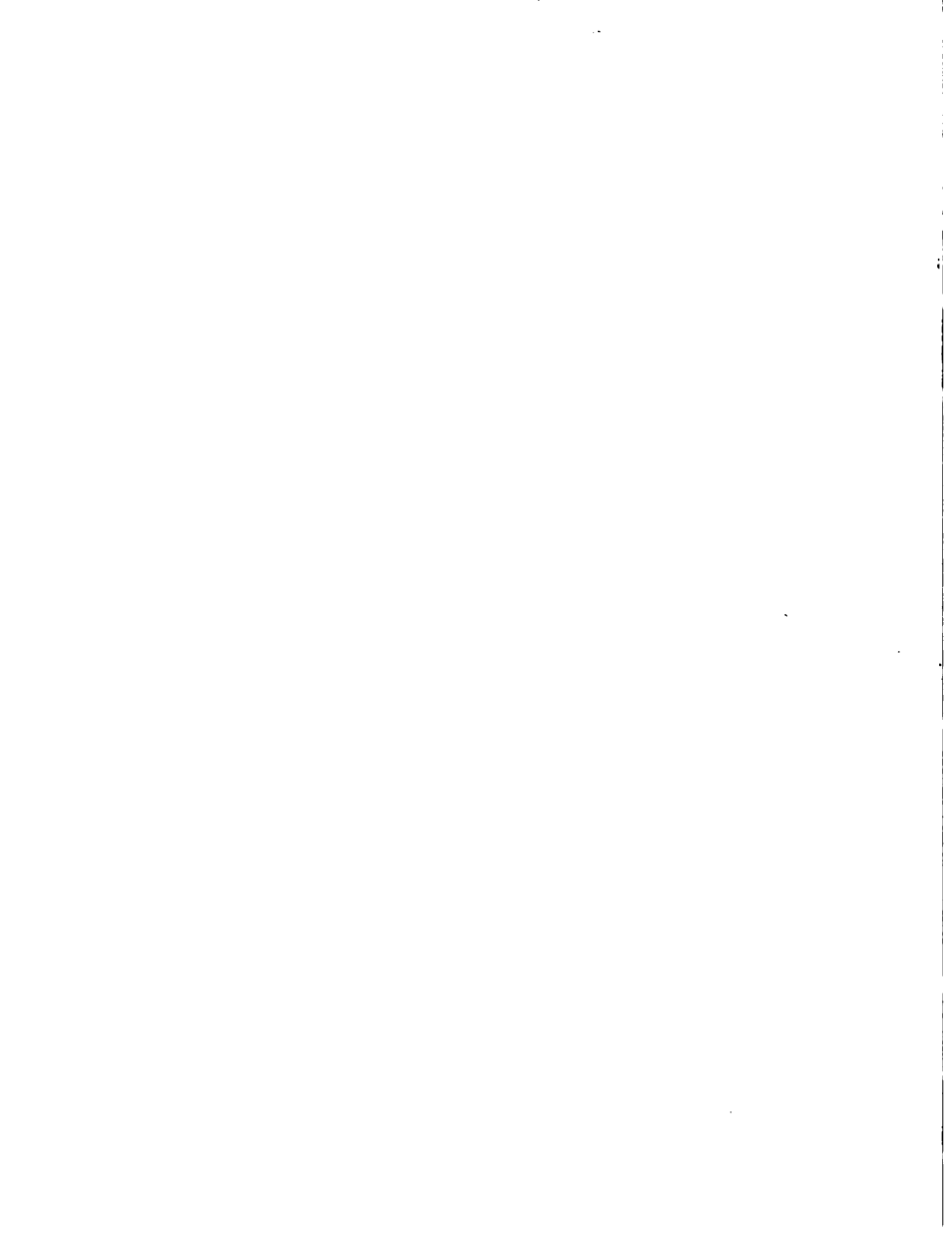
Page 28. "Svarta Svanor." Count Carl Snoilsky, 1841-1903. The modern note. Sweden, until recently, has been extremely conservative. Its modern writers have made it liberal. The agony of transition has been great.

Page 29. "Den Enda Trogna." Oscar Levertin, 1862-1904. Since 1880 a new literary age has come in Sweden. Realism and pessimism have had masterly exponents. Note the sustained intensity and the unrelieved gloom.

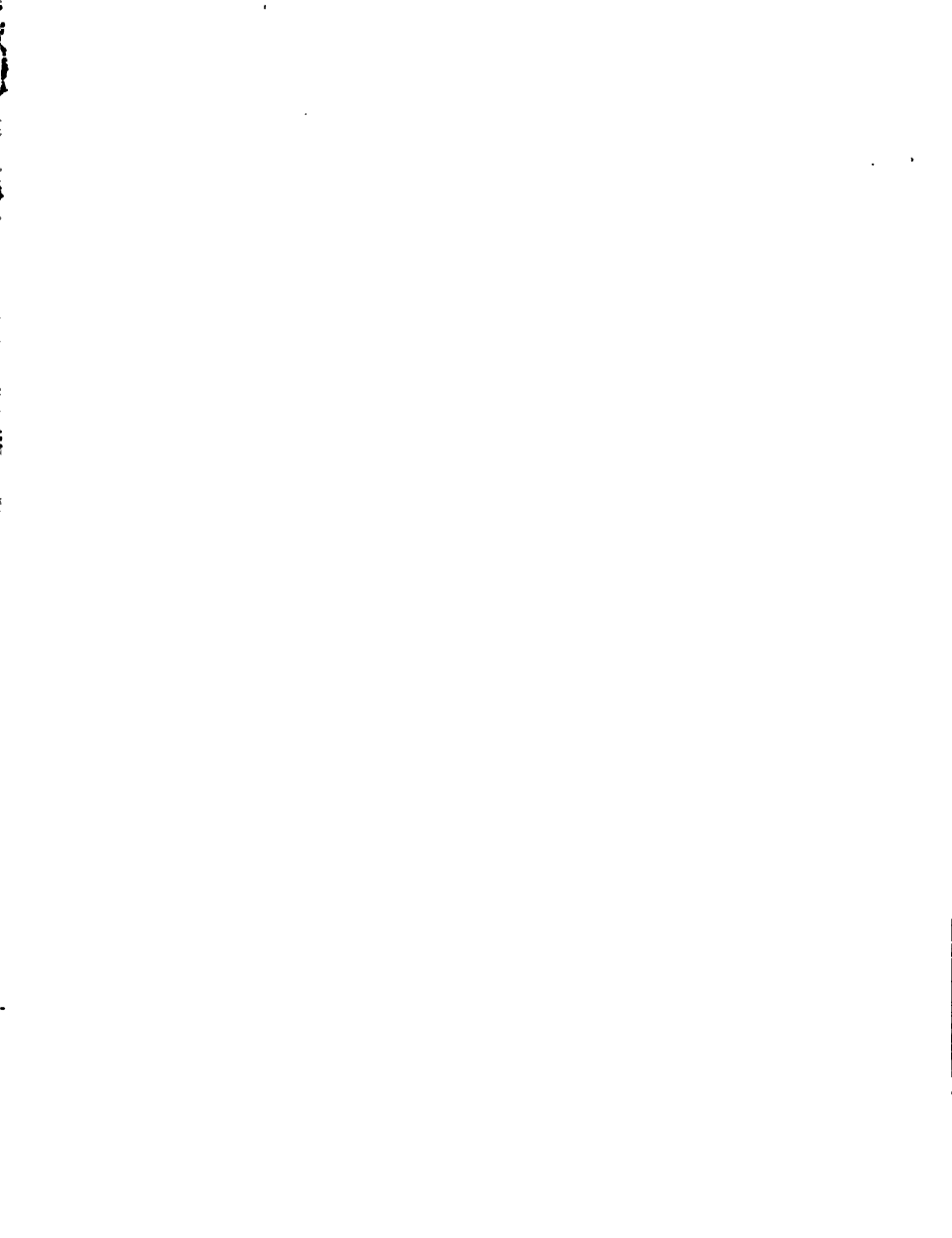
Page 31. "Älvan till Den Badande Flickan." Viktor Rydberg, 1828-1905. Side by side with the dying formalism of the old and the rampant pessimism and realism of the new stands this singer of the old spirit in the power of modern form. The

Germanic peoples have a fancy so beautiful, so penetrating, that it is impossible for the hardplodding English thought to capture it. The translation of this poem gives a map of the ideas and rhythm; its miraculous beauty of atmosphere and music is beyond all English words.

Page 33. "Kantat." Rydberg. Swedish learning is churchly and conservative. Yet the poet breaks through its traditionalism and sings the prophetic song of the newer day.







## In the Porcelain Factory.

Snodlaky.

Within the potter's shop a joy I feel  
To watch the potter, bending at his wheel,  
The plastic clay with restless labor whirl  
Till now he shapes a pitcher, now a bowl.

Thou art more dear to me than silver chased,  
Thou pitcher, that with simple white is glazed ;  
More than a vase which in a palace stands  
Count I thee worth, thou bowl for humble hands.

I reverence you, ye simple household things,  
Which commerce swiftly by the thousand brings  
Unto the farmer's home and to the shop,  
Where weary labor scarce for food may stop.

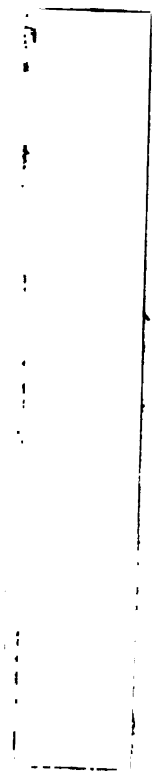
Of useless glitter have I seen enough !  
The people lightly miss its empty stuff.  
But hail to him unnoticed who provides  
For wearied ones by lowly firesides !

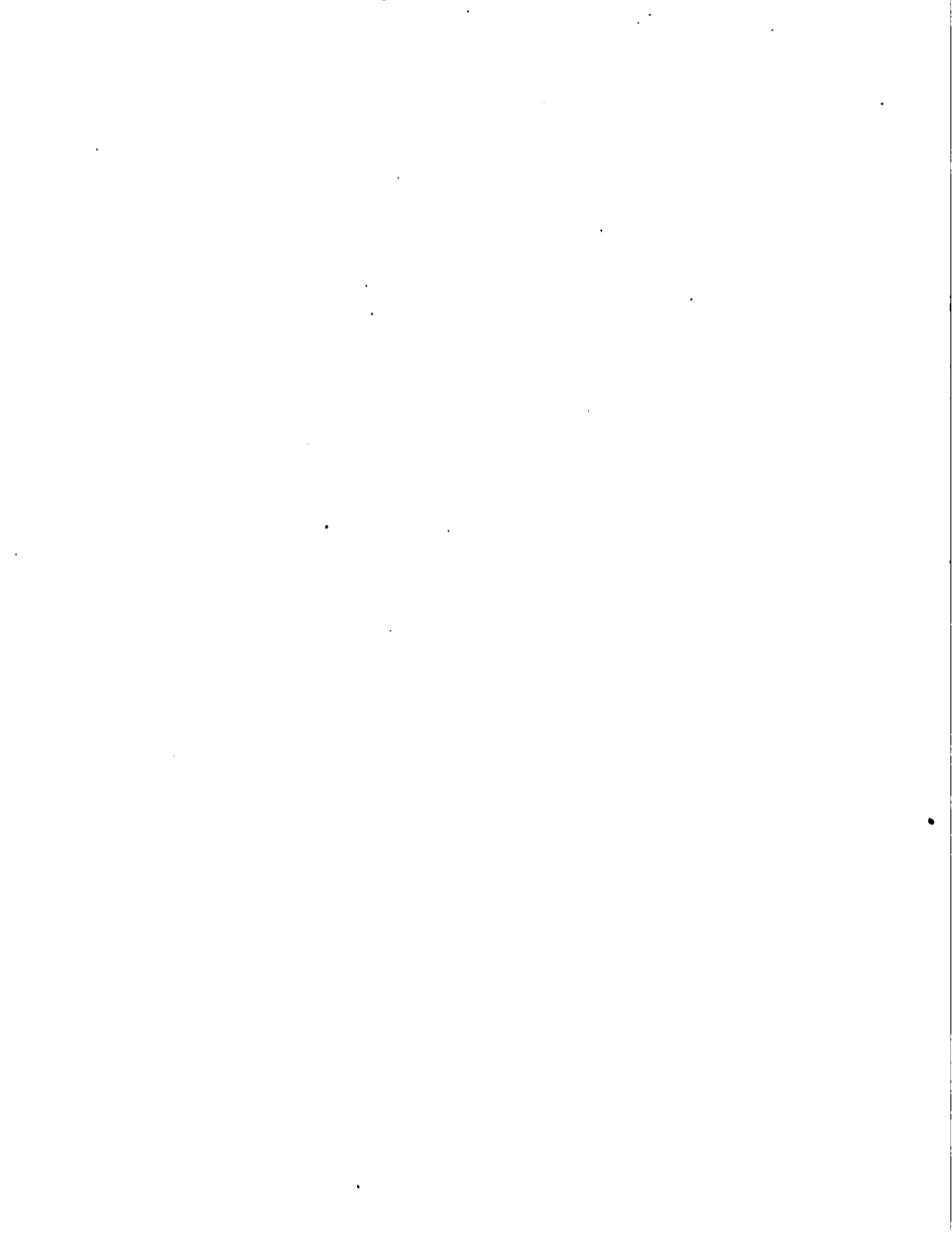
All hail ! yes, and again all hail to him  
Who unknown shapes the bowl to whose plain brim  
The laborer's warm lips hurriedly are pressed,  
While much worn working tools a moment rest !

Ah ! he, whose work we may pass haughtily,  
Is far more indispensable than we  
Who with our polished phrases bubbles blow  
At culture's feasts where luxuries o'erflow !

Oh ! thus to give unto the poet's art  
A form which speaks to every humble heart,  
A form providing rugged daily bread  
For hunger, not for surfeit overfed !

To fashion in a happy hour — oh think ! —  
A simple chalice from which all might drink,  
Which filled at life's deep fountain would make strong  
The thousands weary and athirst for song !









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